

Calvin Durand  
Sarah Gould Downs Durand

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Calvin Durand

Sarah Gould Downs Durand

A Memorial



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**Sarah Gould Downs Durand**

BORN MARCH 20TH, 1841

DIED AUGUST 26TH, 1911







# Sarah Gould Downs Durand

*Address delivered at the funeral of Mrs. Calvin  
Durand, Lake Forest, Illinois, August 28, 1911,  
by Dr. James G. K. McClure*

AS I stand here, my heart is filled with a sense of sorrow and a sense of triumph.

I exceedingly regret that the Reverend Doctor Boyle is not present at this time, as the pastor of this home, to express in his beautiful and touching way his sympathy with this family circle, and his profound faith in the verities of God. I am sure that at this very hour his thoughts are centering with this sorrowing group, and that his prayer is being lifted in intercession in their behalf.

This is the first time in all my happy years of blessed fellowship with this home that I have ever been called upon to face a situation of grief within it. Whenever I have come here before, it has been upon the occasions of the ordinary household rejoicings, or when the daughters and the son have been celebrating their wedding festivities.

The event of Mrs. Durand's death is most significant in itself. She had lived in Lake Forest for thirty-six years. Her husband and

herself had enjoyed the sweet and sacred bliss of true marriage for more than forty-four years. During all these years, their children have lived, and have grown up into full manhood and womanhood. Of the fifteen grandchildren that Mrs. Durand has welcomed to her arms and heart there is but one who has passed away from this earthly life. Such continuance of health and vigor and joy in the family group is very unusual, and this whole community sorrows in the break that now comes.

Mrs. Durand came from a remarkable ancestry. The very best blood was in her veins. From the day of her birth she was trained in all the beauty and strength of the Christian virtues. The whole atmosphere that surrounded her in her childhood and womanhood was that of righteousness before God and helpfulness to mankind.

She was characterized by great reverence. She never trifled with the mysteries either of life or of death. No flippant word ever passed her lips concerning the being of God or the significance of existence. She walked gently in the presence of the majesty of her Maker and of the responsibilities of life, and awe dwelt deep in her soul.

Humility, too, set its stamp upon her. Her Bible, which she constantly perused, and which bears marks on almost every page of some special experience of her heart, was very often opened at those passages which speak of God's readiness to forgive our sins. A great consciousness of her



own unworthiness was always hers. And so it was that she walked the paths of life with meekness of spirit.

She was a woman of great gratitude. It meant very much to her heart that God had always bestowed upon her the good gifts of His grace and Providence; that He had led her into a marriage that was her comfort and her joy; and that her children, having been spared to her, had all assumed places of responsibility and serviceableness in life. She believed with the Psalmist that God had caused her cup to overflow; and a song of thanksgiving was ever in her heart and upon her lips to her heavenly Father.

Her faith, too, was very distinctive. God's Holy Spirit had so wrought within her that it seemed well-nigh natural with her to accept the truths of our Holy Religion, and adhere to them under all circumstances. No doubt as to the being of God or of His goodness and wisdom in the ordering of her life ever came into her heart. She took to Him all her cares and problems, and she implicitly trusted in His goodness. The source of her strength was her union with her God.

In a very beautiful way her religious life found its expression in her home. From the time of her marriage she had looked upon her home as the means of her own sanctification and the sanctification of all who composed her family. Marriage was essentially holy to her from the outset. As her children were put within her

keeping, her one thought was of consecrating them to God, and of training them for His service. All her ambitions for her children concentrated in their religious development. Late at night she might be found writing to those who were absent and counseling them in the ways of God. The family altar was to her the center of the home. On Thursday morning of this last week, when the entire family had morning prayers about her bed, her voice led the voices of all the others in offering the Lord's Prayer. Her thought of Sunday afternoon was to use it for the spiritual benefit of her children, and at that particular time she endeavored to secure for them the wisest and most interesting information concerning the things of God's Kingdom, and to impress upon them the opportunities for taking an earnest part in the world's redemption. She nurtured her children in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Her relation to the Church was close and earnest from her girlhood days. She early assumed her place in the Church, and she undertook every means of usefulness that was open to her. Her continuance as a teacher in the Sunday School lasted for long years after her little children gathered about her in the home; and the number of those whom she sought to train in the precepts and principles of Jesus Christ, during scores of years, is extraordinarily large. The Church was to her the outward expression of the purposes of her Saviour. She therefore gave

to the Church her attendance, her prayers, and her benevolences. She waited at the doorposts of God's house. She took her place in the circles of prayer, and she laid emphasis upon every institutional feature of our blessed religion.

Her death came amid circumstances of great beauty. It was at evening time that her breath passed from her as gently as a little child falls asleep. It was in the period of the year when the harvests of earth are being gathered into safe garner when she left us. After the evening, we believe that the morning light is to dawn, and after the gathering of the harvests in the fall we are sure that the spring is to follow with its renewal of beauty. We therefore hold fast to our confidence that Mrs. Durand has entered into the light that never fades, and has begun the life that has all the refreshment of an everlasting spring.

I said at the beginning of my words that my heart was filled with a sense of sadness and also with a sense of triumph. Surely, if ever a life was victorious, it was the life of Mrs. Durand. She completed her days with her tasks all accomplished. She lived to see her children and those to whom they were married taking places of large recognition and of devoted usefulness in the world. She lived to see her grandchildren coming forward in the footsteps of those who had gone before, reproducing their spirit and emulating their example in the paths of God's will. Well might she die with a smile upon her lips, for all

of her children gathered at home were about her bedside, and one and all they tenderly loved her and beautifully honored her. "She is not dead," we say, for we add that "she sleepeth," and we are confident that she shall awake out of sleep, and seeing her Lord she shall be made like unto Him and shall be satisfied. And again we say, "She is not dead," for we believe that her life of devotion to God and of usefulness to His world is continued, and will be continued, in each of her children and in each of their children in the generations that are to follow.

As Mrs. Durand's life ceased upon earth, one of her household wrote these words:

"The golden sunset of a summer's day  
Was calming an o'erburdened world to rest,  
When she, whose joy at such an hour had been  
To press her weary children to her breast,  
And sooth them into trustful slumber deep,  
Heard from the One whose will her life expressed,  
'Come unto me, Oh ye who burdened are'—  
And smiled, and went in quietness and peace,  
And hark, the whispered chant of angel voices  
far —  
'He giveth his beloved sleep.' "

## *Verses Read at the Funeral Service*

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

To whom should we go but unto thee; thou hast the words of eternal life.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints.

---

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

In thy presence is fulness of joy. At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.

Then shall the King say unto them at his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

Father, I will that they also whom thou has given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither

sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

---

A worthy woman who can find? For her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and dignity are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness is on her tongue. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all. Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked into the house of God in company.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

---

And she said:

Turn not aside from following Jehovah, but serve Jehovah with all your heart; and turn ye

not aside: for then would ye go after vain things which cannot profit, nor deliver, for they are vain. For Jehovah will not forsake his people for his great name's sake, because it hath pleased Jehovah to make you a people unto himself. Moreover, as for me, far be it from me that I should sin against Jehovah in ceasing to pray for you: but I will instruct you in the good and right way. Only fear Jehovah, and serve Him in truth with all your heart — for consider how great things He hath done for you.

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So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

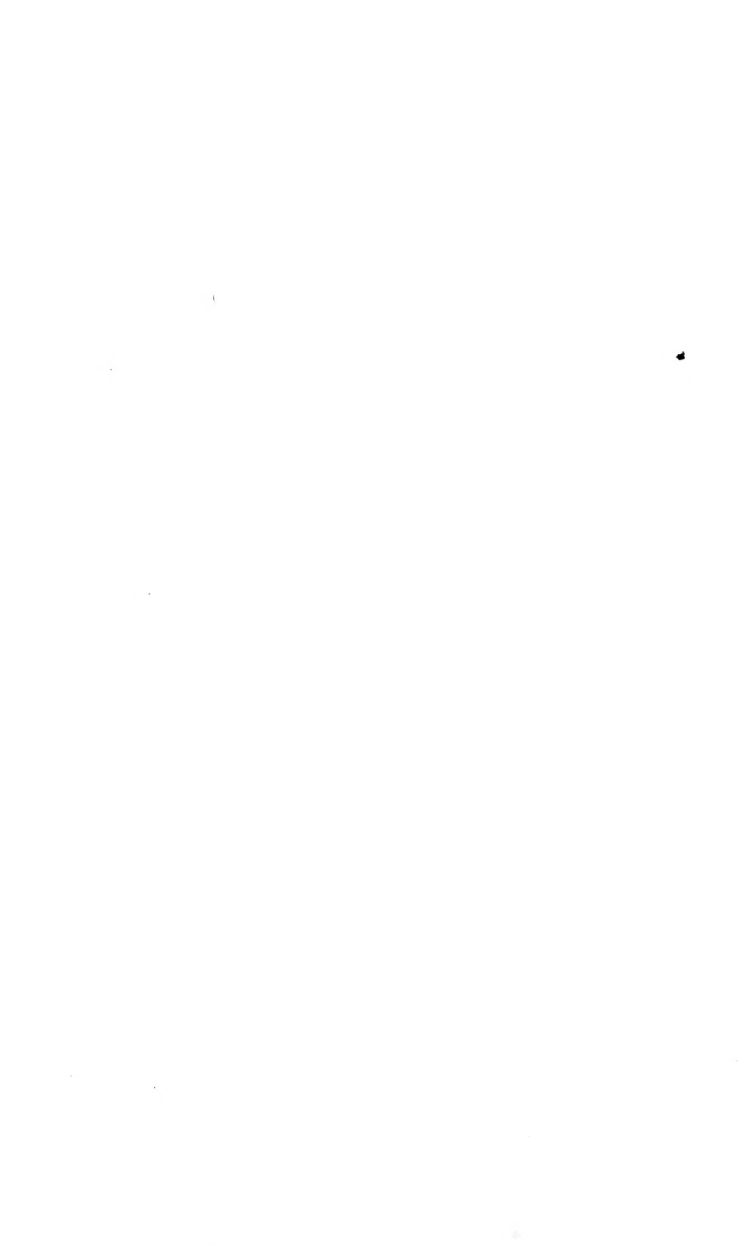
Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.





# Calvin Durand

BORN MAY 7TH, 1840  
DIED OCTOBER 31ST, 1911



The active pall-bearers were:

E. H. Allen	W. M. Lewis
C. M. Trowbridge	A. F. Yaggy
F. W. Pine	C. Durand Allen

The honorary pall-bearers were:

Mr. David Fales	Mr. J. V. Farwell
Mr. Byron L. Smith	Mr. James Anderson
Captain I. P. Rumsey	Prof. J. J. Halsey
Mr. P. J. Kasper	Mr. J. A. Nourse
Mr. L. A. Goddard	Mr. G. H. Holt
Mr. C. S. Holt	Mr. E. S. Wells
Dr. J. S. Nollen	

The following college and academy men acted as  
Guard of Honor:

Mr. Hugh Johnston	Mr. Harris Funk
Mr. W. H. Marbach	Mr. Galt Brookfield
Mr. S. H. Thomas	Mr. Edward Young
Mr. H. J. Hotchkin	Mr. Carl VanGorder
Mr. F. J. Darch	Mr. Alvin Gluek
Mr. H. B. Jones	Mr. Stanley Lyman
Mr. J. R. Sillers	Mr. Phillips Shaw
Mr. Robert Newton	







## Calvin Durand

PRAYER BY DR. MCCLURE:

**E**VER present God, in whose house we are gathered for this sacred and helpful service of love and honor, grant us Thy peace; grant that our hearts and our thoughts may be turned to Thee, and that through our communion with Thee there may come to us Thine own help, whereby we shall be comforted and strengthened, and shall be the better prepared to serve Thee through all time, and to Thy name shall be the praise. Amen.

"I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." Mrs. Schultz and Mr. Brewster.

SCRIPTURE READING BY DR. BOYLE:

Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of Christ. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of

the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him; and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with him, and that we may be also glorified together. Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. Be ye steadfast unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. For we look not at the things



which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. But we all, with open face beholding, as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as Christ is pure, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mrs. Schultz and Mr. Brewster.

ADDRESS BY DR. McCLURE:

The death of Calvin Durand is a notable loss to this entire community. He sprang from an ancestry distinguished for its physical and moral vigor. Born at Clintonville, New York, May 7, 1840, he had all the advantages attendant upon growing up in surroundings of industry and piety. His first days as a youth were spent in the work of the farm. During these days he availed himself of every opportunity for intellectual instruction in the near-by public school. As he grew toward his manhood, he attended an academy at Keeseville, New York, to which he walked every Monday morning a distance of six miles, and from which he returned, walking the same distance, on Friday afternoons. Later he himself became a teacher at such times in the winter period as allowed release from the labors of the farm.

He was the youngest son of a family of five sons and one daughter. Three of his brothers, Henry C., Charles E. and Joseph B., and a daughter of one of his sisters, Mrs. Fannie Bailey Hewitt have been intimately connected with Lake Forest life. The window crowning the pulpit of this church is in memory of his brother, Henry C. Durand.

His father was a man of great energy, who succeeded in his enterprises through vigorous application, unwearying energy, and fine integrity. He died November 3, 1866. His mother is best described in her son's own words: "She was a most remarkable woman, possessing the strongest kind

of Christian character, devoted to the welfare of her family with an untiring zeal. The Bible was her faithful companion. Her private devotions were a fixed habit, and every morning after breakfast she retired to her closet for prayer and close communion with her Maker. Often I would listen at her door as she was pleading with God in behalf of her children."

The influence of this mother's life upon each member of her family was profound. That influence secured the erection of the dormitory for young women of Lake Forest College that so fittingly bears her name, "Lois Durand Hall."

It was when he was twenty years of age that he came to Chicago on a visit to his brothers, who had preceded him here, and who were already engaged in business. On the last night of his visit he was unable to sleep by reason of his questioning as to his future duty. With the morning time he announced to his father and mother, who were also visiting in Chicago, that he had decided to remain in Chicago. His decision was greeted with surprise and with sorrow, but he had made up his mind that the path of development for him was in this portion of the world. Accordingly, he entered upon the labors of a porter in his brothers' store, and in this position he started upon his business career.

It was at this time that he became thoroughly interested in all the agitations that preceded the Civil War. When the convention was held in the Wigwam to name the candidate of the Republican

party for the presidency he was present, and he hailed the nomination of Lincoln with great delight. A little later he had the opportunity of shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln in the old Tremont House. Somehow, from that time on everything associated with Mr. Lincoln had a peculiar power over his devotion.

So it was that when Mr. Lincoln issued his second call for troops, in August, 1862, he enlisted in the Board of Trade Battery. The meeting for such enlistments was held in the Board of Trade rooms, and in one evening the entire company was secured. Immediately upon the organization of the Company, he was made Ordinance Sergeant. The company made its first encampment in tents at the corner of 36th Street and Ellis Avenue, which was then dense woods. This was his first experience of sleeping on the ground. Soon afterward the Company went to the front. Gradually more and more responsibility was devolved upon him in the handling of commissary stores, and in every respect he had opportunity of entering fully into all the labors and dangers of a soldier's life.

It was in the summer of 1864, July 10th, when it was necessary for him to be advancing alone, apart from the four wagons filled with supplies of which he was in charge, that he was captured by a body of Confederate scouts. He came upon them suddenly as they emerged from a wood. His decision had to be made quickly as to whether he would turn and flee, with the possibility that he would be shot and that the wagons of which he

was in charge would be seized, or to surrender and hope that he would be able, by his replies to his captors, to protect the wagons from seizure. Not knowing anything whatever of the nature of those who were at hand, whether they were bushwhackers or genuine soldiers, he made his decision to do what he could, even at the risk of being a prisoner, to protect what had been intrusted to him. The result of that decision was an experience so trying that it seems almost miraculous that he survived it.

In due time he was taken to Andersonville Prison and placed within the stockade. Most fortunately, at the time of his capture he was allowed to retain a pair of blankets and a change of underclothing. As he entered the Andersonville stockade, it seemed to him — in his own language — “as though he had stepped into the Inferno itself.” Every day one hundred and fifty of the prisoners died, and their bodies were carried out for burial in a trench. The men who greeted his coming among them were emaciated, half clothed, unkempt, sickly, dying, and their whole appearance well-nigh overpowered him.

In a paper most fortunately prepared by him for the benefit of his children, he describes his feelings. “I soon realized that to give up meant sure and speedy death. I therefore rose above my feelings, took an inventory of my situation, and said to myself, ‘My stay here cannot be very long. Atlanta will soon be taken, and then the army will move in this direction, or perhaps there will soon

be an exchange of prisoners, and then, Home! With this and other thoughts in my mind I wandered through a portion of the stockade in hope that some others of the Battery whom I knew were also there." The search was rewarded, for he found some of his earlier comrades.

It is intensely interesting to learn how he stretched one of his blankets over some sticks of wood that he found so that it was supported above him as a protection from the blazing sun of the day, and how lying on the earth itself he put the other blanket over him, placed his boots under his head for a pillow, and slept with such clothes as he had, always on him. To read the story of what he saw in the sufferings of others, and what he endured in the privations and hardships of his own life, is to stir one's blood to the quickest and warmest movement, and to make one feel that the men who passed through the agonies of Andersonville captivity deserve our lifelong and abounding admiration.

Inasmuch as he had determined that he would not allow the circumstances that were degrading and destroying his fellow prisoners to overpower him, he sought in every possible way during his different prison confinements to interest himself in whatever would arouse and sustain his vitality. His eating utensils consisted of half a canteen and a wooden spoon. There was only one book which came to his hand to read during all these long months of prison confinement, and that was "The Pilgrim's Progress." But when there was

any work which prisoners could do under guard outside the stockade, he did it. And when there was an opportunity of any kind to engage in bartering, he engaged in such bartering. He and the old Battery comrades, who with him were prisoners, joined forces, and, scooping out a hole in the ground, brought all their blankets together, and so made additional covering for themselves as they slept spoon-fashion in this scooped-out piece of ground. They also did their cooking together as a company of friends, and so kept up their courage. The rations that were given them were exceedingly meager, and grew more and more meager as the war progressed; and disease consequently was constantly increasing. And still he was able to keep his health, so that when, from time to time, companies of prisoners, including himself, were taken from Andersonville to Charleston, and thence to Florence, and thence to Columbia, and thence to Libby prison at Richmond, his name still continued upon the roll of the living.

There came to him, however, one experience that almost proved fatal. Illness prostrated him. It was impossible for him, the prisoner, to march any farther. This was on the way to Columbia. He was laid on a bed of boughs, in the pine woods beside the road, and there he continued for many days fighting a fever that had permeated his entire system. Medicine seemed to do him no good. None of his comrades expected that he would recover.

They thought it only a question of a few days when he would be left behind for burial. As he himself describes the situation: "The crisis was reached one night when I felt the turning-point had come, so, believing it to be my last night, I called the Confederate sutler to my side, told him how I felt, gave him some messages to carry to my friends at home, and asked that my body be placed in a box of some kind for burial, and that my old shoes that had done me such good service be tied to my feet and buried with me: all of which he agreed to do. I then fell asleep and did not wake till morning, when my fever was greatly reduced, and I felt very much better. Thus a good constitution and God's intervening power issued in the sparing of my life."

He was at last taken to Libby Prison, where word reached him that he was to be returned to the Northern army. "Early in the morning of March 10, 1865," he says, "we moved out of Libby and formed in line on the sidewalk, a most motley looking crew, many scarcely able to walk, and supported on either side by comrades stronger than they, though sick and ragged." Placed upon a steamer, he took position near the pilot house, as far forward as he could get, and watched the movements of the boat as she was guided in a zigzag manner to avoid the obstructions that had been placed in the river to prevent the Yankee warships from reaching Richmond. "It was not long before, looking far ahead, I caught sight of the old flag floating proudly on the bank of the river, and



soon after, in the distance, saw a fleet of transports and war vessels from the mastheads of which floated proudly that same old flag. The feeling that came over me at the sight cannot be described. As the boat drew up to the bank of the river, where we would be discharged, the bright blue uniforms of our soldiers came into view, and the contrast between their appearance and the appearance of the Southern soldiers was very marked."

One of his comrades and himself walked a short distance to the side of a small green, grassy hill, and there sat down without either of them saying a word for some time, merely thinking of getting their bearings. "And we wondered if this was only a dream, and if what we saw around us was not real, and that we would soon awaken, and find ourselves back inside of the old stockade. Tears came to our eyes, and we soon realized that what we saw was real and we were again free men under the old flag."

Coming back to Chicago, in due time, he reached his brother Henry's house at three o'clock in the morning, and upon being aroused from sleep Mr. Henry Durand asked who was there, and found that it was his brother! Henry was quite overpowered, inasmuch as, never having heard from Calvin during all these months of captivity, he had supposed that his brother had died.

A little later the war closed, and Mr. Durand was free to enter upon business again in Chicago. For many years he carried in his body evidences of the strain through which he passed in his prison

confinement. But he met life with great bravery, discharged his commercial duties with a high sense of honor and devotion, and in due time became the head of the powerful house now known as the Durand Kasper Company, whose loyal representatives to-day fill this church.

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These words concerning Mr. Durand are entirely inadequate if they close here. His life-story is not told until mention is made of his earnest Christian character, of his taking his place in the Christian Church in early manhood, and of his assuming all the duties of a soldier of the Cross. Again and again he held official position as a trustee of this church. Again and again he stood in this very spot and gave testimony to his faith in God. He was always at the Communion.

The God whom he thus chose and served blessed him with a wife who was an inspiration to him in every high purpose and noble endeavor. Their home started in the fear of God; and until the very end it continued a reverent, sacred, adoring home. Household worship was its joy and sacrament. The children grew up to honor holy things and to take their place in the life and work of the church — to be a comfort to their parents and a blessing to the world.

My acquaintance with Mr. Durand began on the very first day of my arrival in Lake Forest, in June, 1881, when he called on me. He was one of the committee through whose recommenda-

tion I was later invited to become the pastor of this church. To him I went again and again when the University was raising funds for endowment and for other purposes, and he always gave the goodly sums that were asked of him.

He was a public-spirited citizen, to whom the welfare of his country was unceasingly dear. He loved and honored the flag and all that made for national security. He took office as Mayor of Lake Forest, and served in that office with wisdom and diligence.

During these years of our close friendship I have seen him grow in all the qualities that made for the enlargement of his own nature and the good of the world. I have seen him mature and ripen as a fruit growing ready for the harvest. I hail him to-day as one of my heroes. He has finished his work on earth, and he deserves our plaudits. He has died with loving hearts about him, and he has gone to his rest and reward. Beautiful were the father and mother of this rare home in their lives; and in their deaths they are not divided.

We thank God for him. We bless God that we know the wondrous story of his life, and we pray that we, too, in our place and generation, by Divine grace, may be enabled to rise superior to distressing circumstance, and out of threatening defeat wrest the victory of love and fidelity.

PRAYER BY DR. BOYLE:

Almighty, ever-blessed God, we rejoice this

afternoon as we meet together in this sacred place that all life is one and continuous in Jesus Christ, and that the resurrection is the to-morrow which robs the grave of its victory, and that death has been conquered through the power of the Redeemer, and therefore has no sting. We rejoice as we think of our friend and our brother, that for well-doing in this life he has heard his Master's "well done," and has entered into the joy of thy divine glory.

We thank Thee for the meaning of his life. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall find it." When he offered his life for his country's sake, he was God's freeman, and when he gave the best of his life in the interest of his family and for the welfare of the church and its people, he was building into his own character those things which make him to-day in our hearts and affections immortal.

We praise Thee for his life, and for the inspiration to those who knew him and have watched his life as he ever kept before him the ideals of Jesus, for his steadying influence as he kept before him the mark of his high calling in the cross of Christ Jesus.

And so as we lay this soldier of the Cross to rest, it is the body we lay away. He has won his reward; he has marched under the banner of Christ as he has under his country's flag, and has won the crown of life that fadeth not away.

We praise Thee, O God, for the companionship

through the years of husband and wife, the father and mother of this dear family, who in death are not divided. We thank Thee that they all have the vision of a Saviour's love, and that to-day, with their children, they are following in the footsteps of their parents, and are seeking to do their Father's will. Our Heavenly Father, grant, we pray Thee, that grace may be vouchsafed to them, and grant that in their sorrow they may lean back on the everlasting arms and feel the support of the Father's everlasting love. Grant that they may lay hold on the promise that all things work together for the good of those who love Thee.

We thank Thee for the assurance of the life that is to come, for the sacred memories of the life which has just closed on earth, and we would commit ourselves to the guidance of a kind and loving Father. Amen.

"How Firm a Foundation." Audience.



# Autobiographical Sketch

By CALVIN DURAND









## For the Benefit of Posterity

I WAS born in the village of Clintonville, Clinton County, state of New York, on May 7, 1840. My father and mother were natives of the town of Charlotte, state of Vermont, and moved to Clintonville, Clinton County, New York, about 1826. Until 1852 they lived in the village, my father being in different kinds of business: mercantile and contract work. In 1852 my father purchased a small farm a little more than a half-mile from the village. My sister, Mrs. Bailey, and two older brothers had left home to try their fortunes in what was then the Far West, so there were left, to work the farm, my father and mother and the remaining three sons. The farm consisted of 150 acres; only about 80 acres tillable, the balance consisting of pasture land and a 50-acre wood lot. The 80 acres under cultivation was nearly worn out. Its former owner, a Mr. Rogers, had sadly neglected to nourish the soil by means of manuring it or using anything upon it of a fertilizing nature. The price paid for the farm was four thousand dollars; one thousand cash, which was all my father had, and the balance in five years. My mother was a most energetic, thrifty, and hard working woman as well as a good manager. My father, also a hard worker, with the three boys, set

to work to reclaim the farm from its impoverished condition, which by hard work we succeeded in doing, and by strict economy on the part of all we were able at the end of the third year to pay off the three thousand dollar mortgage, besides adding to the farm an increased amount of all kinds of live stock. At the end of the third year my brother Charles joined the two older brothers in the West, where they were engaged in the wholesale grocery business in Milwaukee and Chicago, and in which they had been very successful.

Up to the time of moving to the farm, or until I was 12 years of age, my schooling had consisted of attending some private schools and the district school of the village. After that, until I was 17 years of age, I worked on the farm summers, and attended the district school winters, except at the times my father had a contract for hauling ore from the ore-beds for the manufacture of iron, as Clintonville had at that time the largest forge in the county for the manufacture of iron; so that my time in winter was divided between school and driving a team hauling ore.

In 1857, I, with my brother Joseph, attended school at the Keeseville Academy, distant about 6 miles from home. We left home Monday morning, taking our dinner with us, and returning every Friday in time for supper, and always receiving a warm welcome from our mother, and a good hard day's work for Saturday laid out for us by father.

In 1859 my brother Joseph was called West to join my brothers in business. I continued at the Academy until the winter of 1859, when I thought I would like to earn a little money of my own. So I secured a position as a teacher in a small public school about one and one half miles from home at twenty dollars per month, boarding at home, leaving every morning, taking my lunch, walking both ways.

After teaching three months I returned to the Academy until the Spring of 1860, when my father consented to my coming to Chicago to pay my brothers a visit, expecting to turn and remain with my parents on the farm. In April unexpectedly my parents also came to Chicago on a visit; so I concluded to go to work as a porter in my brothers' store. It was expected I was to return with them to the farm and remain with them. My ticket was bought and trunk packed, and when I retired at night I had no other expectation than to take the train in the morning for home. I remained awake a large part of the night, feeling that it was a decisive step in my life I was taking, and when I arose in the morning had fully made up my mind to remain in Chicago and continue work at the store. At the breakfast table, when I announced my decision all were astonished; father and mother were disappointed, tears were shed all around, but soon all became reconciled to my decision. I went with my parents to the station, disposed of my ticket, and returned to the store to resume work there.

During that summer there was a great deal of interest and excitement over the Republican Convention to be held in Chicago for the nomination of a candidate for the President of the United States by that party. A Wigwam had been erected at the corner of Lake and Market streets, in which to hold the convention, and the people of Chicago, Illinois, and the entire Northwest were full of enthusiasm, and all in favor of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. I attended the convention, saw and heard many of the great men of the party speak. Lincoln was nominated, and a few weeks afterward I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him in the old Tremont House, then the leading hotel in Chicago. Strife was bitter, and excitement ran high until the election in November, and there was great rejoicing when it was known that Lincoln was elected.

I remained steadily at work through the winter, until in the early spring I received a letter from a cousin of mine who was visiting at my father's and mother's home, urging me to come home at once on account of my mother's serious illness. I started on the first train, and, on reaching home, found my mother much worse than I expected, with a severe bronchial trouble. I at once notified my brothers and sister of her real condition. Sister Jane (Mrs. Bailey) and daughter Fannie, with brother Joseph came on at once, and the other brothers came soon after and all remained until several days after mother's death.

Mother fully realized her true condition, and

was very happy to have all her children about her again and look into their faces. She was a most remarkable woman, possessing the strongest kind of a Christian character, devoted to her family, with an untiring zeal devoting all her energies to their welfare. Her Bible was a faithful companion of hers. Her private devotions were a fixed habit, and every morning after breakfast she retired to her closet for prayer and close communion with her Maker. Often I would listen at her door and hear her pleading with God in behalf of her children. On May 26, 1861, she left us, in the very early morning; father alone was with her at the last, and when soon after he came to our room and said she was gone, we could not realize that we were never to see our dear mother again. She was taken to Charlotte, Vermont, and laid to rest in the old cemetery where rest the remains of her father and mother and many of her sisters.

On our return to Clintonville with sister Jane, Fannie, and brother Joseph, I expected to remain for a while at least on the farm with my father, but it was his wish that I return to Chicago with my sister and brother and resume work at the store with my brothers, as he then expected to sell the farm as soon as possible and come West himself. His sister, Aunt Nancy Clark, was with him for some time, keeping house.

When we reached Chicago war excitement ran high. Fort Sumter had been fired on. Troops had been called for by the President. Public meetings were being held every evening; enlistments were

actively going on; military music was the order of the day; and war, war was the talk everywhere.

I worked in the office of Durand Brothers & Powers until the summer of 1862, when the President again called for troops. I then, with two others from the store (Thomas H. Watson and George I. Robinson), enlisted in the Board of Trade Battery. The entire number required, and more too, was enrolled in one evening in the Board of Trade rooms, then located on the corner of South Water and Franklin streets. Within a day or two we were sworn into the United States service for three years, or during the war. Capt. James H. Stokes was a regular army officer who had seen some service in St. Louis in the spring of 1861, when the Secessionists of Missouri sought to capture the arms and supplies that were stored in the Government Arsenal there. Stokes was one of the men who succeeded in defeating their efforts and keeping them in the possession of the United States. He was by vote of the Company unanimously elected Captain of the Battery. He at once put us through a systematic course of drilling in the old Armory, then located at the corner of Franklin and Monroe streets.

The men composing the Battery were from every branch of active business life, but most of them were clerks and office men, fitted for almost any position to which they might be called. After a few days of drilling at the Armory, and after drawing our uniforms, knapsacks, and blankets, we marched to our camp, corner of 36th and Ellis



Avenue, then a dense woods, where we pitched our tents. I shall never forget our first night in camp, when we slept on the hard ground with only a blanket under us; how sore we felt the next morning. I was appointed Ordnance Sergeant by Captain Stokes. The next day after arriving in camp we elected the other commissioned officers of the Battery. I proposed the name of George I. Robinson, a clerk from our store, as Senior First Lieutenant and he was duly elected. Trumbull D. Griffin was elected Senior Second Lieutenant, A. L. Baxter, Junior First Lieutenant, and Henry Bennett, Junior Second Lieutenant; S. H. Stevens was appointed Orderly Sergeant by Captain Stokes, M. L. Sanford, Quartermaster Sergeant. This completed the officers and staff of the Battery. We then drew from the Government our outfit, consisting of 6 6-lb. smooth bore brass cannons, one forge, a blacksmith shop and one Battery wagon containing a complete outfit of carpenter and saddlery tools. It was very amusing to see the boys who were to be the postilions handle and mount their horses the first time. Many of them knew nothing about horses, never having been on the back of one. They soon got used to them, and after two weeks of daily drilling became quite expert in the handling of horses.

Early in September we were hustled on board the cars and started for Louisville, Kentucky. By our appearance and the amount of luggage each one carried you would have thought we were bound for a long touring pleasure trip. Many of us had

our own uniforms made to order, all wore paper collars, and we were rather a natty looking company of soldiers. We were in camp in Louisville about two weeks, where for the first few days our camp was visited by a number of the Union young ladies of the city, which, of course, made it very pleasant for us. We soon changed our camp. I was appointed Quarter Master Sergeant, in place of M. L. Sanford, who Captain Stokes decided did not fill the bill. It then became my duty to secure transportation for the command, consisting of six army wagons, one ambulance, and thirty-six mules with harness equipment. You can imagine the time we had in taking six of our boys who knew nothing about mules, going down to the corral, catching the animals, getting the harness onto them, and finally hitching six of them to each wagon. The driver rode the nigh hind mule, and with one line had to drive and manage the six mules. By locking both hind wheels we finally, after a good deal of patience and hard work, got them under subjection and were ready for the march.

The Army of the Cumberland was then being reorganized. Large numbers of new troops were coming into the city. Buell, then in command of the army, was marching to reach Louisville before Bragg, who was also trying to capture the city. It was before Buell had been relieved and General Rosecrans appointed in his place. Upon the arrival of Buell's army upon the outskirts of the city, with the new troops already there, the city was considered safe.

The army was reorganized, and the old and new soldiers were mixed together, making an army capable of resisting any attack, and prepared for an advance to drive Bragg, who was camped a few miles out of the city, from Kentucky. Our first experience in drawing and preparing rations for our first march was very crude, but the experience was what was needed. Our bacon was boiled and then put into haversacks, and it at once became a mass of melted fat. It was a good lesson for the boys, and the mistake was not made the second time.

When we started on our first campaign we all had a superabundance of clothing, blankets, and other useless articles for a soldier's outfit, and had on our new uniforms, each one wearing a paper collar; more like a party going on a picnic than a body of soldiers engaging in actual war. After going out a few miles we met Loomis' Battery, veterans in the service for over a year; their appearance gave evidence of long and arduous service in the field. We saw in them ourselves as we would probably appear after a year or more of hard service in the field. As we passed them we were greeted from each one of them with the remark: "There goes the Bandbox Battery. Wait until you have been in service a few months; you will be a different looking Battery from what you are to-day." We took all of their remarks with good grace, and were really proud of them for what they had done and for their soldierly appearance. After a march of about ten miles we coun-

termarched and returned to camp, where we became attached to General Dumont's Division, and within the next two or three days the entire army moved upon General Bragg to drive him from Kentucky. Our division was part of the corps that formed the left wing of the army. Our destination was Frankfort, and while there the Battle of Perryville was fought almost entirely by General McCook's corps. Through mismanagement on the part of some one the battle was not decisive, as it would have been had the balance of the army been brought into action. As it was, however, Bragg's army retreated to Crab Orchard, and finally through the Cumberland Gap into Tennessee.

Our division was in camp at Frankfort, Kentucky, for a number of days, and while there I was detailed at Division Commissary Headquarters to serve rations to the different brigades and regiments of the division. The Battery had moved on to Bowling Green, Kentucky. The campaign thus far after leaving Louisville had been a severe and trying one, especially for the new troops who were burdened with over-filled knapsacks and extra blankets and overcoats. The days were hot and sultry, so that the road on either side was lined with soldiers fatigued and exhausted. Ambulances were filled, and others were carried in transportation wagons; others were taken back to hospitals in Louisville, and many temporary hospitals established by the wayside. Overcoats, blankets, and extra clothing of all kinds and

descriptions, were thrown away to lighten their burdens. So it continued, and when we arrived at Bowling Green every vacant and unoccupied building there was used for hospital purposes, and all were crowded. Many after a few days of rest and recuperation were able to rejoin their commands.

After leaving Frankfort, I, in company with Lieutenant Baxter of our Battery, who for some reason had been left behind and in company of other troops of our division, was moving for Harrodsburg, and from there direct to Bowling Green. I remember very well that a few miles out of Frankfort, in the early evening, as the Lieutenant and I were riding along side by side, we noticed at our left, a distance of about two hundred yards, a large house quite generally lighted. We thought it might be a place where we could get a good meal. Upon entering the house we communicated our wants, and were told they had nothing. Looking through a partly opened door into another room, we saw a large table loaded with different kinds of substantial food. Upon calling the lady's attention to what we saw, she replied that was for company they were expecting very soon. Needless to say we sat down to the table and made out a very satisfactory meal, after which we arose and took our departure, after thanking the lady for her kind and generous hospitality.

Arriving in Harrodsburg the next day in the afternoon, we called at quite a large and preten-

tious looking brick house, and asked if we could be accommodated for the night. We were made welcome by the lady of the house. The family then at home consisted of the mother and two grown up daughters. After a good supper, and while in conversation they giving us something of their family history, we were informed that some of our soldiers were stealing their mules and horses from their barns. We went out at once, and prevented the stock being taken, as they belonged to Union people and must not be disturbed. Seeing a Union officer of quite high rank approaching, we explained the situation, and he placed a guard over the place so there was no further trouble there. The ladies were very profuse with thanks, and appreciated what we had done for them. Continuing our conversation, we learned that the husband and son were in the Confederate army, while the mother and one of the daughters were strongly devoted to the Union. The other daughter was a fierce Rebel, and said if she were only a man she would be one of John Morgan's men. After a very pleasant evening we were shown to our rooms, slept on soft feather beds, and after a good breakfast the next morning took our departure with mutual good feeling on the part of the family and ourselves. I think they felt they were the gainers, as no doubt by our presence there their horses and mules were saved, if only for the time being. What may have happened to them and theirs I never knew.

I reached Bowling Green in due time and rejoined the Battery. Most of the army had gone forward to Nashville, while we remained awaiting orders. They were soon received, and we started without any other troops for a three days' march to Nashville. It was sort of a risky trip for a battery to take by itself, as it was uncertain whether or no John Morgan's or some other Rebel command might not be scouting in that vicinity; if so we would certainly have been easily taken in. We, however, reached there in safety, and soon thereafter became a part of the Pioneer Brigade, composed of detachments from different regiments of the army, under the Command of General St. Clair Morton.

The Brigade was organized for the purpose of engineering work, building bridges and other similar work, and defending them when necessary. We lay in camp for some time. I became quite familiar with the city of Nashville, as I was quite busy drawing rations, also horses and mules, putting the Battery in proper condition for the next forward movement, which was soon to take place. General Ducat, who was on General Rosecran's staff, and whom I came to know, was a great help to me in many ways. While the Battery was drilling each day I was out frequently with the brigade train under escort for forage for the horses and mules, and frequently had to go beyond our pickets into the enemy's country to get what was needed, as the railroads and steamers were kept busy bringing the

needed supplies for the men, before beginning another campaign.

It was on one of these foraging expeditions I had my first encounter with the enemy. We started from camp with a large train of wagons under an ample escort for forage. Lieutenant Stevens with three or four of our boys, each armed with a Springfield musket, was with me, and four of our wagons. We saw two or three cribs of corn a short distance from the pike on a fine old plantation. We had to go through three gates to get to them, so we left the train and the escort and went for the corn. The owner of the plantation was in a fine house on a rise of ground, while the cribs were lower down and farther from the road. Lieutenant Stevens asked me to take a position on the hill in the rear of the house, where I could get a good sweeping view of the entire plantation, and not far from where they were loading the wagons, so as to give the alarm in case any of the enemy appeared in sight. As I was sitting on my horse, suddenly the whiz of a bullet came to my ear, when suddenly fifteen or twenty horsemen emerged from the woods a short distance beyond and the wagons started at once for the pike. The three gates had been closed by some one, and I started to open the gates for the teams to pass through. All got through the second gate. Our boys got behind the fence and fired on the Rebs with their muskets, holding them back for a moment. I opened the third gate; the hubs of one of our wagons struck the gate-post and we were halted in our retreat. The Rebs had cap-



tured our boys, while some of them came for Lieutenant Stevens and others came for me. Both of us soon fired our last shot from our revolvers. The Lieutenant called for me to go for the rear guard of the escort train that had passed toward camp a short time before. To save himself, Lieutenant Stevens was obliged to leap from his horse and climb the stone wall, and so lost his horse and accoutrements. I mounted my horse and rode rapidly for the rear guard, about a half a mile away, which proved to be the 19th Illinois, with a battery gun pointed in our direction. They had heard the firing, and were ready for action in case they were attacked. When I came in sight of them I waved my hand to them to come. Colonel Scott, in command, to whom I reported, started his company at once on the trot, but arrived just in time to see the Rebs entering the woods with their prisoners and booty. One of our boys we found in the house severely wounded, the only one hit, besides one of the team horses, which was killed. The soldiers were infuriated, and wanted to burn all the buildings on the plantation, believing it was a put-up job on the part of the owner of the place to capture our entire outfit, the gates all being closed, and it looked as though the Rebs had been signaled in some way from the house, but the Colonel would not permit it. The ambulance was brought, and the wounded placed in it and brought to camp and placed in the hospital, and soon recovered. Thus ended our first experience with the Rebs.

About Christmas time Rosecrans, having received sufficient supplies at Nashville, which was to be his base for a further forward movement, started his army of about 45,000 men against General Bragg, then encamped somewhere between Nashville and Murfreesboro, distant about thirty miles. We met the enemy and drove them back to Murfreesboro, where they made a stand which resulted in a severe battle, lasting nearly three days, and finally resulted in the enemy retreating from Murfreesboro, and our army occupied the city. Our Battery did most effective service during the battle; Rosecrans being with the Battery a part of the time and complimenting it in high terms for the gallant fight it was making, in repulsing three distinct charges made upon it by the Texas Rangers. We lost four men killed and several wounded. We went into camp in Murfreesboro, and were there about six months, preparing for the next campaign.

I was kept very busy going to and from Nashville a number of times, procuring horses and mules and other necessary equipment for the Battery. I was intrusted with the password of the army, and many times went through the lines at night and alone with my trusty little black pony to Nashville, a distance of thirty miles, in the interest of the Battery. While camped in Murfreesboro I was taken sick with bilious fever, and was in the hospital for over two weeks. We were also visited by my brothers Henry and Joseph, who came in charge of quite a large amount of

supplies and delicacies sent by friends of the members of the Battery, and by the Board of Trade of Chicago, all of which was very much enjoyed and appreciated.

The army remained in camp until the July following; Rosecrans, in the meantime, strongly fortifying the place, so that it could be held by a small body of troops when the army again advanced southward in the next campaign. The next move of Rosecrans was to drive Bragg out of Tennessee and across the Tennessee river, his objective point being Chattanooga. Bragg's army was in camp at Tullahoma and vicinity, strongly intrenched. When Rosecrans started from Murfreesboro, as was usually the case, at the beginning of a campaign, it began to rain, so that the progress of the army was very much retarded, a great deal of the time being spent in wallowing through the mud. The roads were made almost impassable, and in many places had to be corduroyed in order to move the artillery and supply trains. This campaign was dubbed the "Mud campaign."

The campaign was brilliantly planned and, had we experienced only ordinary weather, we should have had Bragg's army entirely cooped up, and probably ended the campaign there; as it was, to save his army, Bragg was forced to flee over the mountains and across the river into Chattanooga. Rosecrans after crossing the river found it impossible to capture Chattanooga by a front attack, so he began his flanking movement by throwing

General McCook, who commanded the right wing of his army, fifty miles to the right, and crossing the mountains into the valley in the rear of Bragg's army, threatening his communication and causing him to farther retreat from Chattanooga, when General Crittendon, who commanded the left wing of our army, crossed the river to occupy the city. Rosecrans then made a serious mistake by not immediately uniting his forces around Chattanooga, thus securing the city without any great loss of life. But in some way he was misinformed in regard to the movement of Bragg's army, supposing it to be in full retreat, and endeavoring with his right wing to cut off the retreat; instead, Bragg's army was lying quietly in a secluded spot awaiting the arrival of Longstreet's Corps from Virginia, when Bragg intended to crush the Army of the Cumberland, falling upon each corps separately, while they were separated so far from each other. General Thomas, commanding the center of the army, fortunately learned of the true situation, notified Rosecrans, who then made a desperate effort to concentrate his army before Bragg's attack was made. His delay of a couple of days in attacking was the salvation of the Army of the Cumberland, for it allowed McCook, by using all the haste possible, to join the other corps of the army, although not giving them time for any rest or preparing for a great battle.

Our Battery, having at Murfreesboro been assigned with the cavalry division, was now a battery of flying artillery, every man mounted, and from

then until the close of the war was either in front or on the right or the left flank of the army with the cavalry. At this time we were with General McCook on the extreme right, on the south side of Lookout Mountain, not far from LaFayette, Georgia. When McCook received orders to march with all possible speed to connect with Thomas, all the transportation was ordered back to the top of Lookout Mountain, and to take the mountain road for Chattanooga. The army took this road at the foot of the mountain, which was much shorter. I was on the mountain with the transportation, and was in the battle of Chickamauga, the fierce three-day battle in which the Army of the Cumberland suffered heavily, and was saved only by the heroic stand made by General Thomas and his brave men. On reaching Chattanooga with our train we crossed the river to the north side, and there packed our wagons and waited for further orders. Our Army was driven back into Chattanooga, and there hastily threw up fortifications, and determined to hold the place at all hazards. The only means of supplying the army there with food and forage was by hauling the same from Stevenson, Alabama, a distance of forty miles up the Sequatchie Valley through mud and over mountains, so that by the time the army was reached much of the supplies were already consumed; besides, Wheeler's cavalry were also operating in our rear, destroying many of our supply trains, and doing a large amount of damage. Our cavalry with the

Battery was soon after them, and finally drove them back across the river. The train which I was left in charge of was ordered to Stevenson, Alabama, where we again joined the Battery and were ordered to Huntsville, Alabama, to recuperate, and be nearer our base of supplies.

In the meantime the 11th and 12th corps, which had been ordered from the East to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland, had arrived at Stevenson, and soon after river communication was opened to within twelve miles of Chattanooga, to which point a steamer carried supplies, and from there these were transported on wagons to Chattanooga, thus relieving the starving soldiers there. On our way to Huntsville we met and passed the Army of the Tennessee, also going to the relief of Chattanooga. We remained in Huntsville until after the battle of Missionary Ridge, where the Union army won a great victory, driving Bragg's army back into Georgia.

While in Huntsville, in the winter of 1863 and 1864, I, with Lieutenant Bennett and James Finley, was detailed to go to Chicago to obtain needed recruits for the Battery. We pitched our tent in the old court-house yard. The yard was full of recruiting stations for many of the Illinois regiments, whose numbers had been diminished by long service in the field. It was pleasant to be back home again among friends, and we succeeded in recruiting the desired number of men, which was a very easy task, for the Battery had made a name for itself during its nearly two years service in the

field, and many were anxious to become members of such a Battery.

In the early spring we returned to the field and found the Battery had moved from Huntsville to Franklin, Tennessee, and found every one talking of the great campaign, upon which we were soon to enter, to end the war. Grant had been placed in command of all the Union armies in the field, and there was to be one general and concentrated movement of the different armies at the same time upon the enemy. This was different from what it had been before since the war began. Previously each army was independent of the other, and when one moved the others were idle, thus giving the enemy an opportunity to reinforce their army that was being attacked. The armies of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee were united under the command of Lieutenant-General Sherman, and were to concentrate near Dalton, Georgia: Ohio, under the Command of General Schofield; Cumberland, under General Thomas, and Tennessee, under General McPherson—an army of over 100,000 men, and most of them veterans. Our Battery was still with one of the cavalry divisions, and from the beginning of the campaign until we reached Chatahoochee River, operated on the right flank of the army, threatening the rear of the enemy, compelling them to fall back from their strongly fortified position in the mountains to prevent their being cut off from the railroad, thus endangering their capture. Thus it continued until Johnson and his army were driven from

Kenesaw Mountain, their last stronghold north of the Chatahoochee River. It was while the Army of the Tennessee with our cavalry division was operating on the extreme right of our army, and were threatening the rear of Johnson's army, that they were forced to abandon their stronghold on Kenesaw. General Logan, with the 15th Corps, was preparing to withdraw his troops and connect with the main army. He was attacked by the Confederates, who occupied one side of a deep and wide ravine, hoping to catch Logan's troops while they were as it was, in the air, or in the process of withdrawal, and succeed in destroying his corps. But fortunately Logan's troops had not left their rifle-pits, and as I happened to be near there with my transportation, I witnessed the Confederate charge, and saw Logan (one of the greatest fighters of the war) ride bare-headed in the rear of his men, his long hair reaching below his shoulders, and his very appearance an inspiration to every one of his men to do his full duty. When the enemy had approached within a certain distance his command rang out clear and distinct: "Fire!" Three successive times the charge was repeated, until they finally gave up in despair, having received a most fearful punishment. Logan and the cavalry then fell back, and the army was again united around Marietta, Georgia.

I went into camp in Marietta with the transportation of the entire cavalry division, while the cavalry and Battery were transferred to the ex-



treme left of the army, where they captured a town named Roswell, where were mills in operation manufacturing cotton and other goods for the Confederate army. The mills were burned by our men, and a crossing secured across the Chatahoochee River for Sherman's army. This was in July, 1864, and, without knowing it, my days in the army were nearly over.

About that time I was taken quite sick with dysentery, but made myself as comfortable as I could by sleeping in one of the wagons. On July 9th orders came from the command at Roswell for the division commissary to start a train the next morning with supplies for the command. I had loaded four of our wagons, and had them ready to start the next morning (July 10th). I was not feeling at all well — very weak and hardly able to sit on my horse. There was a young man with me by the name of Shipley. I started him with the wagons in my place. I then lay down to rest, and supposed everything was working all right. Imagine my surprise when in a few moments Shipley came back into camp and said they had lost the road taken by the escort. I was disgusted, but quickly left my bed, threw the saddle upon my horse, and starting with him and the wagons, soon found the right road, and told him to move on rapidly with the wagons, and I would ride ahead, overtake the rear guard and bring back an escort. I knew the Battery needed the supplies, and must have them at any cost. It was a hot July day, and after a hard ride for a

distance of four or five miles, I caught a glimpse in the distance of the rear of our division train, and felt sure I would soon overtake it and bring back an escort to insure the safety of my wagons, but suddenly turning a corner of the road there appeared a short distance before me a small party of mounted Confederates, about a dozen men. They were standing still and facing in my direction. They had been hiding in the woods a short distance from the road, had watched the main train go by and had not attacked, finding it too strongly guarded, but appeared on the road after it had passed, hoping to pick up any stragglers that might be lurking in the rear. I was their first victim; they saw me as soon as I saw them. For an instant I was undecided what to do. If I turned and tried to escape it was sure to result in my not only being shot or captured but also the capture of the four wagons and contents in my charge, so I decided to surrender, and then try to mislead them in some way so as to secure the safety of my train. I did not know at the time what was to be my fate, whether I had fallen into the hands of a party of bushwhackers or a party of scouts. It was soon made known to me. They were a party of scouts that had been for some time scouting in the rear of our army, gaining such information as they might that would be of benefit to their army. I soon found that my captors were real soldiers, and I was treated with all the consideration I could reasonably expect. Lieutenant Robinson, in command, was very considerate and

honorable in every way. I had with me, tied to the back of my saddle, a pair of blankets and a change of underclothing which were not taken from me, and which were of great service to me during my long imprisonment, and no doubt contributed largely toward saving my life. Of course, I was very mortified and chagrined by being taken prisoner, but I felt then, and have ever since, that it was unavoidable, and I could not have done otherwise. When I enlisted I thought I had considered all the chances of war, but that of being a prisoner of war had not entered my mind. Lieutenant Robinson immediately began questioning me, whether others were with or near me at the time. I assured him that I was alone, on the way to my command. I was allowed to ride my own horse until we reached Atlanta.

After my capture we started down the road a short distance, following the train. We soon came across two cavalry horses with their saddles and accoutrements all on, hitched to a fence. The soldiers to whom the horses belonged were in the field digging potatoes for their evening meal. Of course they and their outfit were captured. We soon after entered the woods going to a secluded spot they had selected for their rendezvous, where they were soon joined by another party of their command of about the same number that had been scouting in another direction. It had been raining for some time, and I was completely soaked through and felt very weak although the excitement had kept me up, but the few hours

stay in the camp in the woods gave me a chance to rest and to change from wet to dry clothes. Early in the morning the entire party started to make a long detour around the left of our army to reach the Rebel lines. We stopped frequently during the day to pick and eat blackberries, of which there was great abundance. They certainly were of great benefit to me, as they cured my dysentery and placed my system in good condition for the long and hard siege that was before me. I have no question but the generous eating of the blackberry was the means of saving my life, for had I entered Andersonville in the condition I was when captured I do not think I would have lived a fortnight. The two cavalry men who were captured the same time I was, I think, were both dead within a month after entering Andersonville.

We now started for a two days and nights march, making a long detour around the extreme left of our army, crossing the Chatahoochee River on a flatboat used as a ferry, and propelled by means of a rope reaching from one side of the river to the other, a very primitive and crude means of locomotion, but probably all that was needed at that time, as the country was very sparsely settled and travel consequently very limited. After three or four trips of the boat we were all safely landed on the south side of the river. As it was now getting dark, after traveling a short distance we halted at a small farmhouse and succeeded in obtaining a small amount of food; just what it was I do not remember. After riding a few miles

farther, until about midnight, we came to a halt and we prisoners were placed in a corn-crib under guard for safe keeping. We were very closely guarded, and the opportunity for escape that I was constantly looking for failed to materialize.

The next day we resumed our march for the Confederate outposts, which we reached late in the evening, being halted by the sentinel on guard who cried out, "Halt! Who goes there?" Lieutenant Robinson at once replied, "friends." The next command was: "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," which the Lieutenant proceeded to do. We were then ushered within the Confederate lines on the extreme right of their army commanded by General Joe Wheeler. We were turned over to other Confederates, and were soon stretched out in our blankets on the ground and fast asleep. Of course our horses and accoutrements were soon taken from us, and we saw no more of them. I had become strongly attached to my horse, a fine sorrel that I had ridden since we left Franklin, Tennessee. I was of course thankful that my blankets and clothing were left to me, for the guard that had charge of us until we arrived at Atlanta jail could not have been kinder or more considerate of prisoners of war than they were.

I forgot to mention one incident that occurred the night we slept in the corn-crib. The house belonging to the place was that of a poor white family, and quite a large one at that. A number of small children and some grown-up daughters all seemed to be living in one room, but quite a

large one. When we entered the house we were all supposed by the family to be Confederates, but when the Lieutenant, pointing to us, their prisoners, told them that we were Yankees, it was very amusing to see the girls sneak back to the corner of the room and stare at us with open eyes, and we could hear them saying, "Where are their horns?" as a Yankee had been pictured to them as different from a human being, and some sort of a monstrosity, which in their great ignorance they readily believed.

The next morning after our first night within their lines I was taken before General Wheeler, whose quarters were only a short distance from where I had slept. As I write this I can see him in memory as plainly as though it was only yesterday, as he stood there clad in his gray suit—a little body with a large slouch hat, gray shirt and pants, army boots on which clanged his spurs, boot-legs reaching far above his knees, sabre hanging at his side. He eyed me carefully, and then began putting a number of questions to me in regard to Sherman's army, and as to what reinforcements he was receiving. My answers seeming not to suit him, the interview was cut short by his saying to me: "You lie, you d—d Yankee; you know you do. Sergeant, take him to the rear," which he proceeded to do.

The next morning, with a number of other prisoners, we were marched to Atlanta, and through its streets to the city jail. We received a hearty welcome from many of the ladies of the

city, appearing on the balcony of their houses, clapping their hands and saying we were but the fore-runners of Sherman's entire army who would soon follow us in like manner under Confederate guard. I have no doubt but they really believed what they were saying, as the people of the South had been made to believe by the Confederate Government that Johnson's continuous retreat from Dalton, Georgia, was a masterly one, and only for the purpose of drawing Sherman farther from his base of supplies, and then cut off his supplies by cutting his line of communication, thereby forcing him to either starve or surrender. I can imagine how these same people must have felt a few weeks later to see Sherman's army marching into their city, as conquerors and not as prisoners. We remained in the city jail about a week. Our quarters were made very comfortable, and our food there was fairly good. While there we could hear the firing of cannon and musketry in every direction, and from prisoners that were daily brought in we learned that Sherman was hammering away, first in one direction then in another, but was drawing in his lines closer and closer about the fated city.

As the firing seemed to grow nearer and nearer to us, we were suddenly loaded into cattle cars and started for Andersonville prison. We were crowded in like sheep, with scarcely room to stretch our limbs. After an all day's ride in a hot, close car on an extremely hot July day, we reached Macon in the early evening. We were unloaded

from the car, when very simple and a limited amount of rations were given us. We were then allowed to make our beds on the green grass, where we rested and slept well all night. The next forenoon we were again loaded into the cars and proceeded to Andersonville, where we arrived about the middle of the afternoon. The day was extremely hot, and we suffered not only from the heat but also from an insufficient amount of drinking water. We were soon landed from the cars, at the station, and on the march for the stockade, which was to be our home—for some a long and others a shorter period, as death was sure to come to the relief of many within a very short time.

From the station to the stockade, or Captain Wirz's headquarters, the distance was about one eighth of a mile, the road traveled being very dry and dusty. Wirz's headquarters consisted of a number of log cabins, connected with each other by covered porches, or galleries as they were called in the South. We were formed in line in front of these for the purpose of having our names and commands recorded before turning us into the stockade. While this was being done, I ventured to escape the burning sun, and sat down on one of the steps. I had scarcely been seated when there emerged from one of the cabins a medium sized man clad in a thin light suit. Coming directly to where I was sitting he drew back his foot in a threatening manner and with a bitter oath ordered me off the steps or he would kick me off. In this manner I received my introduction to Captain



Wirz — more of a monster than a human being. I am thankful to say that he was not an American, but a Swiss, condemned by many of the Southern soldiers as he was by the unfortunate men who were, for the time being, objects of his bitter hatred and inhuman treatment.

Very soon the big gates were thrown open, and we were ushered inside the stockade and the big gates were closed against us. The stockade at this time included about thirty-six acres of ground, originally much smaller, but as the number of prisoners increased it was enlarged to its present size. It was once a forest of pines, but every tree within the enclosure had been cut down and used to build the stockade. This prison was built in a remote part of the South for the purpose of concentrating all the different prisons, which were then being threatened by the Union troops and which they believed afforded them absolute safety from any advance of the Union forces. Through the center of the stockade ran a stream of water, the ground gradually sloping up from either side of the stream. About twelve feet inside of the stockade, extending around the entire place, they had constructed a dead-line, which meant sure death to any prisoner to pass or even to reach over or under. About four feet from the top of the inner stockade was built a platform on which the sentries marched day and night, guarding the prison, with orders to fire on any prisoners that would appear to reach over or pass the dead-line. About the only sound we heard from these guards

day or night was at certain intervals: Post No. 20 or 30 or whatever their number was, "All is well," or they would change it in case it was raining, by saying: "The Yanks are getting wet," which was the case every time it rained.

The stream of water as it ran through the stockade was divided into what we will call three divisions; the first for a short distance, as it came under the dead-line, was used for drinking or cooking purposes (if you had anything to cook). The second division was for washing clothes and bathing purposes, using sand as a substitute for soap. The third was for sink purposes, long poles being stretched along on each side of the stream about eighteen inches from the ground. There being about 35,000 men in the stockade when I entered, these poles seemed to be occupied most of the time, day and night.

After entering the stockade and the closing of the gates, the sights that met our eyes were simply appalling, and our hearts dropped within us. Hope gave way to despair, and we wondered how men could possibly live any great length of time amid such surroundings. We were greeted by the most motley, woebegone, smoke-begrimed, long-haired, unshaven men, many of them clothed in mere rags, hardly having the appearance of human beings. It seemed to me that we were really in the land of the Inferno. We were, as all new prisoners were, called "Fresh fish," and assured that we had come into the real *hell*. All sorts of questions were asked us, such as, "Are there any prospects

R. F. ASTOR & CO.  
U. S. CL.  
JUL  
Return, 1865

And

To all whom it may Concern:



Know ye, That Calvin Durand  
of Captain Geo. Robinson's  
Company, First of Illinois Regiment of Illinois Artillery, Vol.  
VOLUNTEERS, who was enrolled on the Fourth day of July  
one thousand eight hundred and Sixty-five to serve Three years or  
during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States  
this Twelfth day of June 1865, at Chicago  
Illinois by reason of Contract from His Superintendent  
(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)

Said Calvin Durand was born in Clinton  
in the State of New York is Sixty-two years of age  
Six feet Seven inches high Dark complexion Light eyes  
Dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled a Merchant  
Given at Chicago Illinois this Twelfth day of  
June 1865.

Age & This section will be erased should there be anything  
in the contract or physical condition of the soldier  
rendering him unfit for the Army

(A. B. O. No. 2)

Lt. J. Robinson  
Capt. Condy Cathay

Geo. H. Meier  
Capt. 1st Ill. Artillery  
Commanding the Regt.  
Mustering Officer



of an exchange? Is our Government doing anything for us? Are our armies making progress?"

No truthful news had they received or heard except from the new prisoners themselves as they came in from time to time. The news they got occasionally from a Southern paper was only of Rebel victories. At the time of my entering the stockade there were about 35,000 within. The death rate averaged through July and August about one hundred and fifty per day. The prisoners were divided into divisions of a thousand each, and again divided into companies, headed by one of our own sergeants, who had the distribution of such rations as were brought in to us.

I was then assigned to one of the companies, selected a spot large enough to spread my blanket, and in some way found material sufficient to support one of my blankets as a roof to keep the sun and rain off of me. This continued to be my home as long as I remained in Andersonville. At night I lay on the bare ground with the other blanket over me, and boots under my head for my pillow. Of course I always slept with all my clothes on. After becoming located I began to look around and get my bearings. The longer I looked the more I saw, as new phases of prison life appeared before me. Human beings scarcely more than walking skeletons, sparsely clad, without hat, coat, shoes, or stockings, and many of them without even a shirt on their backs, with drawers reaching just below their knees, hair uncut, face unshaven, face and bodies covered and begrimed with smoke

which water without soap could not remove, caused by sitting around small pine wood fires for the purpose of cooking some of their uncooked rations, or trying to keep themselves warm. Other sights met my eyes which it would be hardly proper for me to mention. The sight was naturally very depressing, and for a few moments I wondered how it was possible for anyone to live any great length of time under such conditions as I saw before me. I soon realized that to give up meant sure and speedy death. I therefore rose above my feelings, took an inventory of my situation, and said to myself: "My stay here cannot be long; Atlanta will soon be taken, and then the army will move in this direction, or perhaps there will soon be a general exchange of prisoners, and then — Home." With these and other thoughts in my mind I wandered through a portion of the stockade in search of some others of the Battery that I knew were there. I soon found Lake, Snow, Hanson, and Brown camped together only a short distance from the dead-line, they were surprised to see me; they gave me many pointers and facts that I had not yet learned of. I was not long in making other acquaintances and familiarizing myself with actual conditions. There were many there captured nearly a year ago at Chickamauga, and a sorry looking sight they were.

My eating utensils consisted of half a canteen and a wooden spoon. Once a day a four-mule team came through each gate, one at the north and the other at the south end, with the rations, and

delivered to the sergeants in command of the thousand and they to the ones in command of the hundred and they, in turn, to the individuals. The rations were varied. The first few days a small piece of raw beef, a small amount of hog peas, cooked pod and all, besides a small piece of corn bread, baked from meal, ground cob and all — this was the day's rations. It was sometimes varied by receiving a few spoonfuls of sorghum in lieu of the meat. This was continued from day to day, the quantity being gradually reduced until in the latter part of my stay there only a piece of the corn bread. No wonder that at that time one hundred and fifty a day were being carried outside and buried in long trenches, while a large number of other inmates were suffering from dysentery and a general scouring of their stomachs. The water in the stream had simply become filthy and unfit for drinking purposes, thereby increasing their stomach troubles, and in order to procure better water many wells were dug in different places in the stockade, not only improving the quality of the water, but in many cases furnishing an opportunity for digging tunnels under the stockade, whereby many prisoners made their escape, but most of them were recaptured by means of bloodhounds placed upon their tracks, and were placed again inside the stockade. So frequent were these attempts to escape by means of the tunnel that the negroes were put to work and built a second stockade around the entire circuit a distance of twenty-five feet from the first one, so you see the

tunnel must be that much longer to have reached the outside. Besides, a cartload of stones was kept in motion near the outer line to indicate if there was any opening near the surface.

Up to within a few days before my arrival there was no order or discipline within the camp. The Rebs had no rules of order, and exercised no authority over the prisoners except to see that they did not escape. So chaos and confusion reigned supreme, fighting brawls and even murder were of frequent occurrence. There seemed to be an organized body of plug-uglies and bounty jumpers — toughs from New York City and Philadelphia banded together for the purpose of robbery and plunder of new prisoners. They soon became so bold and defiant that they were a menace to the entire stockade. Something had to be done, so through the courage and activity of a few western men an organization was quietly formed among a large number of the stronger ones for the purpose of overcoming these desperadoes, and restoring quiet and order within the stockade. They called themselves the regulators; each armed with a club of some kind and under the command of selected leaders. The toughs had learned of this organization, and had prepared to meet them and give battle. At last the two forces met; fists and clubs were freely used, and the battle was fiercely fought. The toughs were finally overcome, and a large number of their leaders captured. The Rebs in large numbers were witnesses of the battle, but took no part on either side. Captain Wirz con-



sented to take charge of the prisoners captured, and hold them until such time as the regulators should decide what disposition to make of them. Within the prison a court was organized, a judge appointed, a jury sworn in, counsel was selected for either side, and the trial begun. Many witnesses gave evidence, and the result was that seven of the prisoners were sentenced to be hanged. They were kept outside until the gallows was built, and then were hanged until they were dead, thus paying the penalty for their many misdeeds. Comparative peace and quiet reigned after that, and an efficient police force was maintained.

I think the only book I read while there was *Pilgrim's Progress*. Religious services were held every Sabbath in some portion of the stockade. Occasionally some Confederate soldier would bring inside the prison one of their papers, wherein we learned the Union troops were being defeated at every point. The real facts were, however, made known to us by new prisoners coming in quite frequently. There was no real hospital connected with the prison. What they called a hospital was located just outside the stockade under some pines. Each morning the sick were carried in blankets to the south gate, where they were examined by the doctors, and the worst ones taken outside, with no other bed than pine boughs, and no special care or medical treatment given them. One morning in early November the announcement was made in camp that a general exchange of prisoners had been agreed upon, and empty cars were standing

outside on the tracks ready to begin moving us to Savannah, where it was said our transports were anchored outside ready to transport us North. Of course there was great rejoicing among the prisoners when orders came to be ready to take the cars the next morning, beginning with the first thousand. There was not much sleep in camp that night. The next morning came, and with it a resolve on my part to flank in as a member of the first thousand, which I succeeded in doing, and to my surprise found that the other Battery prisoners had done likewise. The train soon started, with scarcely any guards, for why should any attempt be made to escape when we were surely going home?

Upon reaching Savannah we were informed that a mistake had been made and our ships had gone to Charleston. So our train proceeded thither, it not having dawned upon us that this whole movement was a ruse upon the part of the Rebels to move us from one prison to another, so there would be no attempt on our part to escape while on the train. Another most cruel deception which alone cost many lives of the poor fellows keyed up to the point of feeling they were on their way home, and then instead of home another prison pen. Is it any wonder that their hearts sank within them and they gave up in despair? At Charleston we were ordered out of the cars, and we found ourselves on the old fair grounds, and surrounding it a strong guard of soldiers. This was to be our home for six long weeks, during which time negroes were

at work building another stockade near Florence, South Carolina, where we were then moved. We soon learned the cause of our hasty departure from Andersonville. Kilpatrick's and other bodies of Sherman's troops were raiding southward, and the Confederate Government was alarmed, fearing Andersonville might be captured and the prisoners liberated. So they were looking out for our safety. We were thankful for the change, unsatisfactory as it was.

We were reminded many times during the day and night that our troops were not inactive by the booming of one of our guns, the Swamp Angel, which was dropping its shells at stated intervals into the city of Charleston. Cheers went up from the prisoners as each shot reached our ears, which gave us a different feeling from any we had had for months. We were visited almost daily by Sisters of Charity, the only ladies who ever entered any of the prisons. They came as Angels of Mercy, bringing with them such little delicacies and medicine for the sick as they could obtain. Their very presence was a tonic to us all, and we can only say of them for their kind words and thoughtful deeds, "God bless the Sisters of Charity." I failed to mention in giving my experience in Andersonville an event of more than usual interest to the prisoners there — the sudden bursting forth of what was named Provident Spring. It seemed to come from a point where you would not have thought of digging had you been in search of one — right out of the sand.

From that time there was plenty of pure drinking water for all.

Finally the stockade at Florence was completed, and we were again loaded on the cars, and in due time were again inside of another stockade very similar in location and construction to the one at Andersonville. The maximum number in this one did not exceed 10,000. Lieutenant Robinson was almost a second Captain Wirz — red-haired, cruel, and brutal to the extreme. Snow, Lake, Brown, Hanson, all of the Battery, with another young man from Ohio and myself, decided to join our possessions and bunk together. Having located where we would make our home, we set ourselves to work making it habitable. We first dug a hole in the ground about six inches deep and sufficiently long and wide, where we six could stretch out quite comfortably, though at night we had to lie spoon fashion. The earth was of that nature we could mold it in our hands into the shape of a brick, and with it we made an adobe wall about six inches above the surface around the entire dugout, except at one end, which was left to go in and out of. In the same way we built an adobe fireplace at one side of the inclosure, in which we did our cooking, as well as washing and boiling the little clothing we had. Four of our blankets were pinned together with wooden pins and constituted the roof of our tent, to protect us from the sun and rain. The other blankets were used either under or over us while we slept. We considered ourselves very fortunate in having as many blankets as we had. My boots

were getting pretty well worn, so to save them I only wore them in the early morning and went barefooted during the day. Rations were issued us once a day, either rice, flour or coarse corn meal. A police force was at once organized, and the Rebel office provided extra ration to those who would join the force, which I did with others of our tent, which added somewhat to our food supply. Each morning our principal avocation was to sit in the sun stripped to the waist, hunt and kill vermin that had taken possession of all our clothing. It became a regular habit throughout the stockade, and it was quite amusing as you looked in almost any direction to see nearly everyone engaged in similar work. It was not long before word came from headquarters that a certain number of prisoners would be paroled, and allowed to go outside, for the purpose of cutting down trees in the swamp; the choppers to cut them into regular four-foot lengths, and six other men were to carry a cord to the stockade, a distance of perhaps eighty rods, these men to receive an additional ration. Our parole consisted in swearing that we would not attempt to escape, nor talk or barter with negroes or their soldiers.

After our day's work was done and before turning us back into the stockade for the night, we were formed in line and each one examined to see if we had violated our parole in any way, and were trying to smuggle anything into the stockade. If anything was found the guilty one was confined in close quarters for forty-eight hours, with only

water for food. Across the swamp where the wood was being cut was an old corn-field, where there was a good deal of long grass, so the first day out I pulled up a large bundle of this grass and carried it within to sleep on. We were allowed to carry such things in as well as a stick of wood for cooking purposes. I learned the first day that there were negroes skulking in the timber, with red beans and other things to trade with the prisoners for Confederate money. Before going out the second day I succeeded in disposing of an extra shirt for \$5.00 in Confederate money, so after my work was done I strayed down into the swamp and met a colored man who had the beans I was looking for; I soon had the beans and he the \$5.00. I then had to plan to get them inside the stockade without being discovered. Having on a pair of drawers, I cut two strings from each of my boot legs, tied them around each drawer leg, poured the beans therein and reached our tent without being discovered. I disposed of them at a good profit, and was out again the next day for more beans. I succeeded in buying a larger quantity, so had to find other means for smuggling them inside. I had on an army blouse which had sleeve linings. I cut out both linings and made them into two sacks into which I put the beans, then went to the field and pulled up a large bundle of the tall grass, spread it open, placed the two bags in the middle, rolled it again into a bundle, put a strong binder around it, threw it on my shoulder, and despite the vigilance of the searchers, landed my bundle safely within

my tent. A ready sale was made at a good profit, and I was out again the next day with an increased amount of funds; found my man with the beans as per appointment, and again bought an increased quantity, too many for the drawer legs and for the sleeve linings, so I found a tree that seemed to be hollow and asked one of the choppers to cut it down for me, which he did. I cut it into four-foot lengths, and found it quite hollow. I plugged up one end, besmeared it with mud, poured the beans into the other end, treated that end the same as the other and marched inside without any trouble. I had no trouble in disposing of this lot, and decided that my next day would be my last as a wood carrier. So after my work was done I again found my bean man, with an increased quantity of beans, found a solid gum log, and with the chopper's ax split it in two parts, made a trough of each half, pulled a few rusty nails from an old pine, put the two halves together, clinching them, leaving only a hole in the center, through which I poured the beans, got them in safely, and this ended my outside trading in beans. I was now ready, with an increased capital, to put out my shingle at the end of our tent and go into the general grocery business.

I learned there was a sutler connected with this prison, and the owner was a man by the name of Taylor. He was a particular friend of General Winder, the commander of all the prisons, who gave him this sutlership in order that he might not be compelled to join the Confederate army. His stock consisted of tobacco, salt, red peppers,

some fresh meat, and other things in the eating line, that he sold to Confederates and prisoners or whoever had the wherewithal to pay for same, either in Confederate money or greenbacks, the latter preferred. We had sort of a daily stock exchange in the prison; values of both moneys fluctuated daily, the values determined by reports of defeats or victories. The average price at that time was ten to twelve dollars in Confederate money to one dollar in greenback. I had quite a bunch of Confederate, so one morning I went down to the sutler to see what I could buy. I bought one or two plugs of tobacco, a small package of salt, sweet potatoes, red peppers, corn meal, and a small water-tight barrel. The barrel I used by filling it partly full of water, into which I emptied the corn meal, put it in the sun and allowed it to sour, and sold by the cupful as beer, and as a cure for scurvy, which a great many had at that time. The other purchases I spread on my board, placed the potatoes three in a bunch, tobacco I sold by the chew, and sold so much for a teaspoonful, and others in like proportion. Business was quite good, profits sufficient, with our ordinary rations, to give us all quite a comfortable living, such as it was. Our principal cooking utensil was a large sheet-iron basket made from iron taken from the roof of a freight car, which answered the double purpose of cooking our beans and other eatables, as well as boiling our clothes to kill the vermin.

It was very amusing to note the plan of the Lieutenant in command to determine the exact number



of prisoners there each Sunday morning, by drawing all of us across the stream that ran through the center of the stockade, and counting us off as we were marched back. I became a daily visitor at the sutler's quarters, for, as fresh prisoners were brought in daily, I found a ready market for my stock in trade, and it became necessary to replenish my stock frequently.

One of the most exciting days that I experienced while in prison was on election day in November, when the great contest in the North between Lincoln and McClellan was to take place, and it was to be determined whether or no the policy of Lincoln was to be endured, and be allowed another four years' term in which to continue his policy. The South was very much interested in the outcome of the election, so the Lieutenant in command of our prison had let it be known to the prisoners that an opportunity would be given that day for them to express their choice by ballot. So two bags, one containing red beans and the other white beans, were placed near the entrance gate under a guard of soldiers to be used as ballots, one for Lincoln, the other for McClellan. When voting began a large crowd of the prisoners gathered, formed in line, and began voting. The crowd in the meantime began singing patriotic songs. The Confederates no doubt thought that Lincoln, on account of his refusal to exchange prisoners, would be voted strongly against, but were sorely disappointed, as they saw that out of every ten ballots cast nine were for Lincoln. So after about an

hour's voting the polls were closed. We, however, continued our singing, until the Rebs, fearing there might be an outbreak and an attempt to break through the stockade, ordered us back to our quarters.

My interviews with the sutler had been very friendly, and I soon learned his name was Taylor and that he was from Wisconsin. I happened one morning, while in his shop in the presence of some Confederate soldiers, to ask if his name was Taylor, and if he was from Wisconsin, which he denied. I soon discovered the reason, and waited around there until the soldiers had left, when he admitted his name and where he was from, and inquired my name, which I gave him, and he then asked if I was related to a Durand who was in the wholesale grocery business in Milwaukee. I told him he was my brother. After that he was very friendly, and inquired about how I was fixed, my needs, etc. I told him I would like some reading matter, also that one of my companions was ill. He sent us in some old magazines to read and to the sick person a couple of fresh eggs and a small amount of tea, all of which was very much appreciated. He also said that General Winder, the one in command of all the prisons, was a friend of his, and that while he had been a sutler had been allowed to take out on parole three or four prisoners at different times to assist him in building his quarters and other work, and when there had been an exchange of sick prisoners had succeeded in getting his men also exchanged. He also said they

were then building a large stockade a short distance from Columbia, South Carolina, where they were to consolidate all of the prisons, and that he was to be allowed to take three or four men from our prison to help him build his quarters, and that I with two of my companions could have the privilege of going if I so desired. I thanked him, and said I would be most happy to avail myself of his offer. In the meantime I was a daily visitor at his quarters for the purpose of buying fresh supplies for my business; whatever I bought seemed to meet with a ready sale, as fresh prisoners were coming in almost daily, and had more or less money with them.

I remember a day or two before Christmas of going to the sutler to get something different for our Christmas dinner, which we intended to make as elaborate as possible. The only thing that attracted my attention was a hog's head. It had some red spots on it, but I was so glad to get something in the meat class that I did not stop to ask any questions, but paid \$25 for it and carried it to my tent. I there cut it up into small pieces, laid away sufficient for our Christmas dinner, and placed the balance on the shelf for sale, which gave me my money back, so that ours cost us nothing. Christmas morning we started our dinner. After putting water in our kettle, we then put in our beans and with our corn meal made some small round dumplings, then put in our pork and allowed it to cook. From one of the prisoners we had borrowed an iron skillet

with an iron cover in which to cook a large corn meal cake, which we made, I moulding the meal with water, and using a little lye as a substitute for soda; we then placed it in the skillet and set it over a good hot fire, put the cover on, and then on that another hot fire. You would be surprised how nicely that was baked, and how good it tasted. As soon as everything was ready the kettle was set in the center of us six, and each helped himself with his part of a canteen and wooden spoon. We did enjoy the Christmas dinner, and were as happy as we could be under the circumstances. Of course, we thought and talked of home, and of the feast we knew our friends were sitting down to. Still we made the best of what we had and where we were, and tried to smother any feelings we might have as our thoughts would naturally revert on that day back to our loved ones.

Time dragged quite heavily with us, as it was the same thing over every day; principal occupation each forenoon killing the vermin that had taken complete possession of the rags and pieces of clothing that constituted our wardrobe. It was certainly a weird sight as one would look over the stockade to see thousands engaged in that killing process at the same time. Occasionally some of the Confederate soldiers would come to our tent and we would talk over the events of the day. I know that there were a number of the soldiers there on guard who were not in sympathy with their cause. Prospects of exchange

and of getting home and what we would do when we got there, what we would order for our first meal, and how the war was progressing constituted our principal conversation, but we all felt that the war was going our way, and it was only a question of a short time when the Rebs would be forced to liberate us. Their desperate effort to secure recruits from the prisoners was an evidence that they were nearly at the jumping-off place. Only a few, I am proud to say, consented to enlist in their army, even in hope of saving their lives. They went out and served for a while in the ranks, clad in gray uniforms, and they were soon found to be worthless as soldiers, and finally most of them were turned back into the stockade. They did not receive a very warm welcome, and were entirely ignored by the other prisoners, who dubbed them Galvanized Yankees. They were never restored to companionship with the other prisoners, and were considered traitors.

Some amusing features occurred occasionally, as when some of the old farmers would come into the stockade wearing long coats with pockets on each side filled with plug tobacco for the purpose of exchanging it for any notions the prisoners might have, such as pins, needles, buttons, thread, or things of that nature. The prisoners would gather around the farmer in large numbers, as tobacco was something the prisoners all longed for. While some would engage him in conversation others would rifle his pockets of their

contents, unbeknown to him, so his tobacco was gone and he got nothing in return. Of course, smoking was sort of a way of soothing one's feelings there, and was indulged in quite generally by the prisoners, as it helped to while away the time, and satisfy in part the cravings of the appetite for food. My pipe was made out of a corn cob, with a reed from the swamp for a stem, and I smoked strong plug tobacco.

Early in January orders came for me and two of my companions to report outside to sutler Taylor. So, hastily packing our wardrobe, rolling up our own blankets, and turning over my stock in trade to those remaining behind, we were soon outside the gate, and after signing a parole not to attempt to escape were turned over to Mr. Taylor to be subject to his orders. We were taken a short distance from the stockade, where near the railroad and under the beautiful pines we passed our first night without sentinels looking down upon us from their watch-towers of guard duty. We slept well, and the next morning were taken aboard the train for Columbia, South Carolina. On arriving there I felt far from well, and was fearful that I was to have a severe sickness, as I felt feverish and did not seem to throw it off as easily as I had previous attacks. Mr. Taylor told us that General Winder was in the city on his way to Florence to look into the conditions of the prison there, and wanted us to go to his rooms there and give testimony as to its general condition and the treatment the prisoners

there received. Of course we went, and gave him the facts as they were, and what we had experienced ourselves. How much he may have been impressed by what we said I could not tell. The next day he left for Florence, and while holding conference there with the officer of the prison, was stricken with a stroke of apoplexy, and died suddenly.

Our destination was about ten or twelve miles from Columbia, where a large stockade was being built, and where Mr. Taylor's quarters were to be built with our assistance. Arriving there, I was taken much worse, and not even able to walk unassisted. So near the stockade Mr. Taylor had some pine boughs cut and spread under some trees, placed a canvas covering over it, spread my blanket over the boughs and there I lay for many days, fighting the fever that had permeated my system. Medicine seemed out of the question. Mr. Taylor brought a doctor to see me once, and as I remember gave me, I think, a little quinine, and afterward brought me a little vinegar, which I seemed to crave. The rest was left entirely to nature to fight the battle. One of my comrades, Colman Brown, proved a good, faithful friend, doing all he could, bathing my body and doing other needful services. None of them there expected I would recover, and only thought it a question of a few days when I would be taken out feet first and laid in a trench. The crisis was reached one night when I felt the turning-point had come; so, feeling it to be my last

night, I called Mr. Taylor to my side, told him how I felt, gave him some messages to carry to my friends at home, and asked that my body be placed in a box of some sort for burial, and that my old shoes that had done me such good service be tied to my feet and buried with me, all of which he agreed to do. I then fell asleep and did not awaken until morning, when my fever was greatly reduced and I felt very much better. Thanks to a good constitution and God's intervening power, my life was spared.

During this sickness many important events in the war had been transpiring. Sherman with his gallant army had cut loose from Savannah, had caused Charleston to be evacuated and was marching through the heart of South Carolina, and was at that very instant hovering over Columbia herself. Wilmington, North Carolina, had been captured, a general exchange of prisoners had been declared, and the inmates of Florence and other prisons had been sent to Wilmington for exchange. The first news that came to me of these glad changes was early one morning while lying on my pine boughs talking with Mr. Taylor. I suddenly heard the sound of the booming of cannon. I asked, "What was that?" He replied, "Those are Sherman's guns," and then told me the different events that had taken place, admitting that all hope of the Confederates had gone, and it was only a question of days when the war must end. We were not far from the railroad and the wagon road beside it. I turned and saw streams of refugees



on foot and in every imaginable conveyance — men, women, and children with all manner of household goods fleeing south from the advance of Sherman's army; going they knew not where. Soon Johnson's army was seen marching along the highway, all eager to get away from the Yankees. I was lifted in a blanket and carried and placed in one corner of a car, the forward end of the car being loaded with hospital supplies that had come up from Charleston, having just run the blockade. Among the supplies was a barrel of wine. My comrades, Brown and Lake, finding a pail near by, tapped the barrel of wine by driving a nail into it, and filling the pail, which was placed near my head. I drank freely, which gave me new life and increased strength. We remained there for about three days, when, Columbia having been captured by Sherman, the train moved on, and the next day found us in Greensboro, North Carolina.

We were told we were to be sent to Wilmington for exchange. At Greensboro we found two or three of our officers as prisoners, and they were going to Richmond. I was then quite weak but able to walk, so we asked to go with them as helpers, for they were quite weak, so gathering up their bundles we carried them into a car waiting and soon to start for Richmond. We were not disturbed, and soon the train pulled out on the way to Libby. Unfortunately, Comrade Lake was taken ill with the same fever I had had, and said he could go no farther. Seeing the Colonel in

command at Greensboro (who, by the way, showed more kindness and sympathy than any officer we had yet met), we had him admitted to the field hospital there, and said he would receive such care as they were able to give. We bade him good-bye, and have never heard of or from him since, and naturally suppose he must have died there. Another of our comrades that we left in Florence died in Wilmington. We found in Greensboro a strong Union sentiment among many of its people with whom we conversed. The movement of our train was very slow indeed; many times the crew having to stop and break up fence rails for fuel for the engine, all going to show the desperate condition in which the Confederacy was at that time.

In the course of time we reached Danville, where we remained a number of hours, but again started for Richmond, where we arrived soon after midnight. From the station to Libby, a distance of about one half mile, we walked; the streets were dimly lighted, quiet reigned supreme, and everything gave it the appearance of a deserted city. Reaching Libby, the door to the hospital department located at one end of the building on the first floor was opened, and five of us entered. There was a bunk for each of us, and soon sleep closed our eyes, and we were awakened in the morning by others walking up and down the room. Upon getting up and donning our rags, we inspected our new quarters as well as our new associates. Imagine our surprise when we found

that one of these was our old commanding officer, General Crook, captured in a most humiliating manner by a small band of dashing Rebel raiders. Also Major-General Kelly, and Kelly, chief of staff at Martinsburg, Virginia. This band of Rebels had in some way procured our countersign, and, dressed in our uniform, entered our lines, went directly to the hotel where these officers were sleeping, and with revolvers pointed at each ordered them to dress, then through the hotel to the street, where saddle-horses were awaiting them; after mounting they traveled swiftly through the town, passed our own pickets, and landed them safely in Libby Prison — one of the most daring and successful escapades of the war. My two weeks stay in Libby was by far the least unpleasant of my many months of prison experience. I had quite a comfortable bunk to sleep upon; the kitchen for the hospital was in one corner of the room, partitioned off by itself. The food was very good and there was plenty of it; a great many of the supplies that had been sent south by the Sanitary Commission of the North for the benefit of the prisoners had gotten no farther than Richmond, and were stored there in quite large quantities.

A couple of us were taken out daily, and under escort brought to the hospital supplies of different kinds from these warehouses, of which we partook freely. Other prisoners were quartered in the floor above, and much food was passed up to them through a hole in the floor. We were all very

happy when one night it was announced that the next morning we were to be ready to march to the river, and there take the exchange boat for a point about ten miles down the river as the place agreed upon for the exchange of prisoners. Every one in Libby was to leave except one officer. He was a loyal Georgian, and a colonel in the Union Army. He, however, did not propose to be left there. He had in some way secured a full gray uniform and showed us where he had sawed two or three of the iron rods outside nearly off of the window, through which he intended to make his escape that night. In the morning we found he had gone, and have often wondered what became of him.

Early in the morning of March 10, 1865, we marched out of Libby and formed in line on the sidewalk, a most motley looking crowd, many scarcely able to walk and supported on either side by comrades stronger than they — thin, sick, and ragged. We reached the little steamer in due time, and soon we were on the move. I took position near the pilot house, as far forward as I could get, and watched the movement of the boat as she was guided in a zigzag manner to avoid the obstructions that had been placed in the river to prevent the Yankee war ships from reaching the city. It was not long before, looking far ahead, I caught sight of the old flag floating proudly from the bank of the river, and soon after in the distance saw our fleet of transports and war vessels, from the mastheads of which floated proudly that same

old flag. The feeling that came over me at the sight cannot be described. As the boat drew up to the bank of the river where we were to be discharged the bright blue uniforms of our soldiers came into view, and the contrast between their appearance and ours was very marked. Brown and I walked a short distance to the side of a small, green, grassy hillside, and then sat down without either of us speaking for some time, just thinking and getting our bearings; and we wondered if this was only a dream and what we saw around us was not real, and that we would soon awaken and find ourselves back again inside the old stockade. Tears came to our eyes, and we soon realized that what we saw was real, and that we were again free men and under the old flag. A short distance below where we landed the large steamer New York was waiting to receive us and convey us to Annapolis, Maryland. Aboard the steamer everything was so clean and tidy that we felt we were disgracing the ship to enter it in our filth and rags. We did enter, and soon a few of us were seated at a table covered with a white cloth, and a fine meal of cold sliced ham, white bread, potatoes, and some delicacies, with a small amount of whiskey, was at our disposal, and we did dispose of it quite rapidly. We were again under way, and about midnight tied up at the dock at Annapolis, Maryland. Generals Crook and Kelly had gotten off the steamer off City Point, and gone to report to General Grant at his headquarters.

As we marched off the gang-plank we found a

large crowd of people, men and women, waiting the arrival of the boat, hoping to see or hear from dear ones from whom they had not heard for many months. Their appeals and sobs as they crowded about us and peered up into our faces as we marched off the gang-plank, asking if we knew so and so and could give any information about him, was very pathetic. Quite a number that started with us from Richmond died on the way, and their bodies were given at least a decent soldiers burial under the old flag. We marched a short distance to some building, in which was a large room where were many large tubs filled with water with soldiers at each tub. Our rags were soon taken off us, and with a pitchfork were thrown into some receptacle provided for them, and then, one by one, we were placed in the tubs for a grand scrubbing process, in which soap and a stiff scrubbing brush were generously and successfully used, so that upon emerging from the tub we felt much lighter in weight, and most of the filth that had accumulated on our bodies for months had been gotten rid of. Our hair was then cut, beard taken off and face shaven, new blue uniforms given us. We then went to some comfortable bunks, where we slept soundly until far into the next day. Good, wholesome food was given us. The paymaster came around and gave us our back pay in greenbacks, which made us feel quite wealthy. The great change in our appearance and feelings was such that we hardly knew ourselves, and it was very amusing to look at each other and wonder

at the transformation that had taken place within the last two days.

Within a few days we were forwarded to St. Louis, that being our rendezvous for the Western soldiers, where we received a 30 days' furlough, and I started at once for Chicago, where I arrived early one morning and appeared at the door of my brother Henry's house about 3 A. M. I rang the bell, Henry appeared at the door and asked who was there. I answered "Cam." The door was at once opened, and I received a warm welcome. He called up to Anna, "It is Cam!" She came down at once, and we talked for some time. I was given some of the family news, of which I had not heard a word for nearly nine months. The one that grieved me most was that of the death of my father about five months before. I did not dream that my return would prove such a great surprise until I learned that I was supposed to have died, as it had been so reported in Chicago. I know Henry had made every effort to ascertain my whereabouts through business friends and through a business friend who had a brother in the South, did succeed in tracing me to Florence, and sending me a blanket. The next day after reaching Chicago I went over to my sister's (Mrs. Bailey), and Fannie and she were equally surprised at my appearance. In a day or two brother Joseph came from Milwaukee and we had quite a reunion. He was soon to start for Clintonville to dispose of the farm and settle my father's estate, and I went with him, and as soon as the 30 days

furlough had expired I reported again to St. Louis, and was sent to Nashville in charge of a number of returned prisoners, to report to their different commands. Arriving at Nashville, I learned that the Battery had not returned from the great Wilson raid, which was making such strides through the very heart of the Confederacy, and did not return to Nashville until after the close of the war and the capture of Jeff Davis. On their arrival I reported to the Battery, and was told to take my old position as Quarter Master Sergeant.



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